

## Friendship, Ice Cream, and Green Lanterns

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## Friendship, Ice Cream, and Green Lanterns

by [MildlyRebelliousMint](#)

### Summary

After a long battle, Earth's Green Lanterns enjoy some ice cream together.

### Notes

Andrea, I really hope you like this! I've read the Tim fic you wrote for me like a bajillion times. I'm such a fan of your work and of your sparkling personality. I love you, you jingly fool.

Thanks once again to my beta reader, luckynumberblack. Your input was spot on. Thank you!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The sleek white and pink design of the ice cream parlor doesn't fit with the rest of Gotham. There's a strangely nostalgic feel, a pop singer Hal can't place singing distantly over the speakers. He isn't sure what time it is. After midnight, probably. Is everything open this late in Gotham?

The parlor is empty aside from some Green Lanterns, Batman's associates (kids?) laughing a few booths over, and a single employee who's surprisingly apathetic to all the masks.

Hal got stuck in the corner of the booth, crammed between Guy Gardner and the wall. He doesn't feel like moving, anyway. The images and sounds of today's battle are still clambering noisily in

the back of his head. An ache in his back tells him he pulled something, at some point.

Across from him, Simon is chewing on a waffle cone and Kyle is poking at a cup that's more gummy worms than ice cream.

Hal tries a spoon of his own ice cream. It's chocolaty and creamy with a hint of caramel.

Jess approaches the table with a spring in her step and a waffle cone in her hand. It makes Hal feel old. "Alien invasions are more fun than I thought."

Kyle laughs as she slides in next to him. "Has the adrenaline not worn off?"

"Are you kidding? Now is when I need it most."

"Aw, come on," Kyle says, "Guy only bites a little."

Guy makes a muffled noise of agreement through his spoon.

"It's not you guys," Simon says, "Jess just gets nervous around people."

Hal feels bad for her. There are a lot of people at the table and Batman's... people are pretty rowdy. Behind Simon, Nightwing is eating an ice cream cone while doing a handstand and a kid dressed like Batman with brown and pink smudges all over her face is... using the current Robin as a weight? Or something. "Don't worry. We don't usually go out for ice cream."

"No, it's fun!" Jess says, "It's a little out of my comfort zone, but in a good way."

Simon frowns, tapping his cone against his chin. He's mostly licked the top off, but he still gets a strawberry smear. "Uh, yeah... Did. We steal from Batman, though?"

"I *mean*," Kyle drags out the word, "*We* didn't steal from Batman."

Several people at the other table say the word "dick" way too loudly. Nightwing, who is no longer balancing on his hand, cackles.

"Some of us," John says, finally joining them at the booth, "Pay for things with our own adult money."

"Johnny boy!" Guy greets, "You fall in the john?"

John ignores Guy, even as he takes a seat beside him. "You shouldn't encourage kids to break the rules."

Guy snorts. "What? Is the Bat going to beat up that little blond girl?"

"That isn't my-

"Did you just get vanilla?" Kyle interrupts.

John looks down at his cup, a little baffled. "So?"

Jess leans forward to inspect the ice cream in question. "You could at least add sprinkles or something."

John pulls a face. "*Sprinkles?*"

“What’s wrong with sprinkles?” Simon asks, borderline offended.

Hal can’t help smiling as the conversation devolves into an argument about the merits of sprinkles and other toppings. It’s nice to just sit back after a long battle and enjoy some ice cream while his friends’ voices wash over him. And it’s comforting to know these are the people who will stand beside him through everything. He’s not sure he deserves the honor.

Kyle is hunched over, laughing. Hal suspects it has more to do with the sugar and the late hour than anyone actually being that funny. “You know, I love you guys.”

Leave it to Kyle to summarize Hal’s thoughts in the most straightforward way.

“Aw,” Jess says, nudging him a little shyly, “I love you guys, too.”

“Are you people drunk?” Guy asks, “Did someone bring beer and not share with me?”

John let’s out a breath of a laugh. “I, for one, am proud of everyone’s work today.”

Guy squints his eyes at him. “Seriously, hook a buddy up.”

“We’re not drunk,” Kyle says, kicking lightly at Guy under the table, “We just care.”

“I’d drink to that,” Hal says, sincere despite his smirk.

Guy makes a disgusted noise. “I can’t believe I’m in the Green Lantern Scouts.”

“It does feel like we just got out of socc-” Simon cuts himself off. “Are you tearing up?”

“No,” Guy says, choked.

“Oh my God,” Jess says, at the same time Kyle makes an *aw* noise.

John pats him on the shoulder. “It’ll be our secret.”

“Fuck all of you,” Guy says.

“We all love you, too,” Hal can’t help joining in.

“Jordan, I will kill you with my bare hands.”

There’s a titter of laughter and Hal is grateful to be here, in this moment.

Something clatters at the other table.

“Put that away!”

“No weapons in the restaurant!”

At this table, specifically.

## End Notes

I made Andrea give me prompts for this and I then I ignored them. Whoopsie. I like this as

a gift for her better than my original ideas, though. It kind of has the same vibe as hanging out with her. Including whatever the hap is fuckening with the batkids in the background. I'm going to level with you: I have no idea what they're doing over there (I'm also not sure how they got involved in this?). Also the part where it suddenly gets really sappy? That is 100% Andrea.

For the record, Stephanie didn't actually steal Bruce's credit card. She asked for ice cream and he was so tired, he just gave her his card and went home to collapse into bed. She immediately went ape-shit, but Bruce never noticed.

If you're wondering why an ice cream shop is even open after an alien invasion, my reasoning is basically

Jim Gordon voice: everyone, evacuate! malicious forces are invading the city!

Gothamite voice: it be like that sometimes

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